

The Hope of the Future!

DO #10

—Our Endtime Teens!

SPECIAL "TRAUMATIC TESTIMONIES" ISSUE! (SEE ALSO GN 392)

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"TRAUMATIC TESTIMONIES" ARE TO BE READ ONLY BY 12-YEAR-OLDS & OVER!

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Introduction—By Maria

In the following article, Uncle Gary recounts his experience in a Reform School when he was 15, before he was saved. We hope that this, as well as other articles in this "Traumatic Testimony" series, will open your eyes to the System's horrors—horrors which you may have to experience, or even worse experiences, should you ever decide to turn your back on the Lord & His Will & choose the System instead of the Lord's Service!

However, if you should have to suffer for Jesus & the Family, the Lord will certainly help you to bear it & make it as easy as possible. Even some of the harshest persecution that the martyrs of the Early Church received was borne by them with grace, with singing & praising. In fact, there are many validated historical reports that often they did not even feel the pain!—The Lord administered His anaesthesia. To increase your faith, read about the three Hebrew teens who got thrown into the fiery furnace. (Daniel 3.) God's Word says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; & through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. 43:2. You can claim that verse for your own. The Word also says, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. 10:13. So you have nothing to fear if you are doing the Lord's Work & in His Will. Hallelujah! "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Love, Maria.

I Was a Teen Terror! —Until I Experienced the System's Terror!

By Uncle Gary

I'd like to tell you a little bit of how I ended up in a Reform School before I met the Family. I was left unsupervised by my parents a lot, so that when I was 12 years old, every weekend I'd go out with boys who were 15, 16, 17, even 20 years old, & would go to parties. Almost every weekend I would get totally drunk, & the morning after such a party I would sometimes wake up in people's houses I didn't even know! So I wasn't hanging around with very good kids. I also stole my first car when I was 12 years old, & unfortunately I continued to shoplift & steal & get in trouble a lot during my early teen years.—I



was really a had teen terror! I was a leader of the kids in my school, but in the wrong direction. I would be the kind of teen who wouldn't last in any of our Family schools—unless the Lord did a real miracle in his life! Maybe the Lord allowed all that because He knew I was going to work with teens & I'd have to have faith for tough cases!

When I'd get in trouble with the police or the authorities, my parents would usually tolerate it after a mild rebuke. I used to get very good grades in school, so they kind of made an unwritten agreement with me that as long as I made good marks in school & as long as I looked good in the eyes of their friends & community, then they would use their influence with the police & the authorities in our city to make sure I didn't get in too much trouble. In other words, if I deserved to be punished for something bad I did, they would talk to the Chief of police & he would let me go.—And that lack of punishment didn't do me any good at all.

To show you how hypocritical the System is: My parents accepted me doing all sorts of things—shoplifting, stealing cars, getting drunk & all—but their attitude sure changed when I was 15 & my girlfriend got pregnant! In the Family, if a teen girl gets pregnant, we're happy about it, she's got a Family who supports her & takes care of her, & that's the natural way it should be. But in the System, it's like the ultimate sin for an underage teen to get pregnant. Well, my girlfriend got pregnant when she was 16 & I was 15. So the System's solution—instead of preparing you to take care of a baby & to keep house & all that—was to send my girlfriend off to have an abortion & send me to a Reform School. (An institution for bad, delinquent boys!)

Now it wasn't just because my girlfriend got pregnant that I went to Reform School, but because my parents were finally fed-up with me. This was the ultimate disgrace to them in their community, because it was a small town so everybody knew about it! Well, I ended up getting a real taste of Hell for the next 9 or 10 months while I was being "reformed"!

This particular school was known as a very spartan boys school. "Spartan" means very basic, tough conditions. Now I had grown up with all the luxuries that a normal System kid has—good food, girls, parties, freedom, things I was accustomed to by this time. But at Reform

School there was none of that! There were 300 boys & it was tough! The School's slogan was, "We'll make men out of you boys!"

There definitely were no luxuries! For example, we didn't have hot water. We had cold water to wash with even in the winter time, & on top of it, the showers didn't even work, so we had to "bathe" in sinks! Four of us shared a room, jail-like cubicles. We slept in bunkbeds, & there were hardly any accessories in the room, just a cement floor, cement walls & maybe a chair or something. And there were all types of kids there. There were some kids whose parents were very wealthy, but who couldn't do anything with them, so they just sent them to Reform School to try to straighten them out. Then there was the other extreme—there were native Indians & kids who were supported by Welfare, who had no parents, real runaways etc. I also befriended kids who had led student rebellions in their school & demonstrations against the teachers & the administration. And there were boys who had tried to kill people! So there was definitely quite a cross section of kids there.

The School was based on what was called the "old boy, new boy" system. This meant that those boys who had been there for more than a term had seniority. When somebody new came in, the "old boys" ordered them around & made them do things & were real tough with them. So all the "justice" was administered by the inmates! The teachers & the adult supervisors really weren't so involved, other than teaching the school classes.

But most of our life didn't center around the schoolroom, it took place in this big building they kept us in that was locked up at night, & in the daytime we could go out & go to our Reform School building during the same hours as regular schools. So the "old boys" were like gods. They were often the same age as the new boys, but if they were an "old boy", they would routinely beat the new boys into submission, backed up by a gang of other "old boys". Now remember, there were just boys there, there were no girls, & for me that was also a big switch, because I liked girls & was used to being with them.

So I was 15 years old when I first arrived & I was real cocky & sure of myself. I remember I had on my blue jean jacket & my faded blue jeans, (that was the "cool" outfit to wear at that time), & I had this pair of real expensive brand new cowboy boots which I "idolised". In fact, the night before I

departed for Reform School, there was a big party for me in my home town & I ended up getting home at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. I was so drunk, I opened the car door by my house & stepped out. The trouble was, the car was still going about 30 mph, & I rolled out head over heels in front of my house!—And my new boots got all scuffed up! I remember that was the thing I was most worried about, that my brand new cowboy boots which I had spent so much money on were all scuffed up! So these cowboy boots were quite an idol to me.

Anyway, the day I arrived at Reform School they showed me to my "room" & I walked in & it was just grey! It wasn't like a house, not at all homey—it was just institutional, cold cement walls & floors. The main dormitory was set up, so there were two "old boys" & two "new boys" in every room. The other new boy in my room was a native

Indian named Russ who was from a very poor family, but we became very good friends. We helped & identified with each other. Our two "old boy" roommates were really tough, though. One of them, Art, was really big, a boxer, & he started to use me as his punching bag! The other old boy had been to "Boystown" before. (A very famous Reform School.)

So I walked in & was trying to be kind of cool & tough & said, "Hi, I'm here, where do I sleep?" So the old boys thought, "Ha! Here's someone new to pick on!" They said, "That's your bed there!" So I took my boots off & I was starting to put my clothes away when some other old boys came into the room. They started checking me out & they said, "Hey, these are nice boots! I bet these will fit Winnie!" So they got Winnie, another old boy who was about my size, who grabbed my cowboy boots & put them on! There were all kinds of big guys

gathered by this time & I was over-powered so I didn't know what to say. They said, "We're taking these, thanks!" I said, "What are you talking about, man? Those are my boots!" And they just grabbed me & pushed me around & started beating me up. So that was my introduction, my first day. The old boys laid down the rules & made it clear, "This is how things operate around here!"

Before entering Reform School I had considered myself tough, & able to handle myself. I had my own little circle of friends at home, & amongst them & in my school I was important. But now I was on the bottom of the pile & I started getting really fearful because of this Nazi-like squad of old boys who kept the new boys under control. We new boys were sort of beaten into submission physically, & even more so, emotionally!—Fear was the main weapon the old boys used.



For example, some old boys would grab a new boy for no particular reason & say, "You need to do 100 push-ups!" 100 push-ups was a lot! And if you tried to resist, they'd beat you up! So you learned to just obey & do whatever these guys said, which in a way was good, except that they were telling you to do really bad things. Doing 100 push-ups wasn't so bad, but they would tell you to do other things like, "Put this football helmet on & run into that wall until you crack it!" That was senseless & you could snap your neck or something! But you had to do it until you got a crack in the football helmet!

The old boys would have sessions called "kangaroo courts", mock court scenes in which they would make up some false charge against you like: "He stole my pillow!"—You didn't steal the pillow, but this was just their excuse to pick on you. And then they'd have all these guys lie about

you, "Yes, he stole it & he stole this & that too!" Then they'd decide on a punishment for you. You had to sit in front of all these guys while they'd humiliate you & then you'd get beat up & on top of that, get some punishment. And almost every day this was happening to either you or to somebody you knew. It was really frightening, really scary & nerve-wracking. It was like the Devil was working through these guys, even though I didn't know it at the time. I was getting really nervous & worried & I was even afraid to sleep at night for fear somebody was going to come & grab me.

When I say they'd humiliate you, they might do something like put black shoe polish all over your face which you couldn't get off, & the boys would mock you. It was really terrible. If you ever attempted to tell your teachers or the adults—it was mainly Catholic priests who ran this place—it was called "squealing", which meant that in the old boys' eyes you were betraying the teens by talking to the adults, & you really got beat up bad!—Not just mocked & put down, but you got beat up so that you wouldn't do it again. So you learned not to do that, it was this real high pressure tactic. I think you can relate to peer pressure in different ways from other teens even in our own Schools. But, this wasn't just peer pressure, it was peer pounding, it was getting beat up if you did something they didn't like!

As I said, one of the old boys in my room was called Big Art, & he was a high school boxing champ. Sometimes he would take me & just start pounding on me, for no reason, just because I was there! It hurt to get pounded in the stomach or the chest, & sometimes he would make me stand against a cement wall & just punch my chest. I still have bones in my chest that are out of place, that stick out, from having them smashed with his fist! I'd considered trying to fight back, but for one thing he was much bigger than me, & for another thing, the old boys were constantly ganging up on the new boys & they'd all hold you & take a few swings if you tried to resist. Prisons & Reform Schools are like that—there's a lot of violence.

The dear sweet Indian boy named Russ, who was a new boy with me in my room was a real pal. He was tough, he'd grown up without parents, & had always been in institutions. He was so sweet, as sometimes

when I was getting punched around & I'd almost pass out, Russ would step in & deflect my punishment. He would make some insulting remark to Art or whoever would be beating me up, so Art would leave me alone & go beat Russ up. Dear Russ knew I couldn't take it. I was only 15 & it was quite a terrible time!

Another unforgettable aspect of this place was the lousy food. Think of what you have now, the yummy meals we have & the snacks & all that. While I was growing up I could go to my refrigerator & get a quart of milk to drink, along with cookies or whatever I wanted. But here there were no snacks, none! And even our main meals were terrible. One meal might consist of a piece of real thin fried baloney (& it always shriveled up when it was fried), & one little bit of potatoes, & it was our whole meal! When you're a growing teen & you need good wholesome food, it was really tough just to be fed stuff like that.

When they would bring out the food, we'd only get a little portion on our plate & we'd almost inhale it, we were so hungry! Then they'd announce, "Seconds!" Now there wasn't very much "seconds", usually just a little bit, & so 300 boys would race to one counter for these meager "seconds"! Some boys would try to trip other boys & do anything so they could get there before the other ones, because we were all really hungry. It was like a jungle full of wild animals!

Boy, & I remember when they brought out coffee to drink! It wasn't good flavourful coffee, it was like a huge pot of boiled water with some brown colour in it! They'd bring it out boiling hot, so hot you couldn't put your finger in it, let alone keep it in! Now if you put out a cauldron of boiling hot liquid & 300 wild boys rush for it, you can imagine how dangerous that is! You'd try to dip your cup in, holding it over somebody's shoulder, while everyone's pushing & shoving, & people would always get boiling water spilled all over their arms! We became like animals in this place!

The official purpose of a Reform School was to reform us—to improve us—but this was a hypocritical misnomer (wrongly applied name), because we were becoming like animals!—But in a sense, I was getting punishment that I probably deserved for things I'd done wrong over the years, & be-

cause I didn't know Jesus, the Lord was probably letting me off relatively easy! If anything, He was using it to prepare me to give my life to Him.—But Reform School or jail would probably hold even worse experiences for any teens who know the ways of the Lord, but have backslidden from them!

Anyway, with food so desperately in demand, the old boys would try to make new boys find snacks for them. At night we stayed back in our little four-man cubicles & the whole building would be locked, but the cubicle doors themselves weren't locked, so we could slip out into the hallways. And just like old boys had friends, I had my friends amongst the new boys. Maybe you'd do a favour for them & they would owe you a favour.

So one night Big Art, the boxer, came into our room. I remember it was Wintertime & I was really sick & feverish, lying in my top bunk. I went to bed early & I was trying to fall asleep because I felt terrible. Art came in & somehow he'd gotten some beer & had gotten drunk, so he started making all this noise. And Russ, my Indian friend, said, "Shh, he's sick, please don't bother him." But Big Art didn't listen, he just came up & he started using my bed post as a punching bag! My throbbing head was right beside this & I was bouncing around & so I just swore at him! Normally I wouldn't have done this, but I was so sick & frustrated I told Art off! And then he really got mad! He grabbed me out of my top bunk, & threw me down on the cement floor! I hit like a sack of potatoes & I was immediately sore all over. He started kicking & beating me & then demanded, "I want some food! You go out & get me some food now!"

This was about 11 o'clock at night, it was lights out after curfew. You weren't supposed to leave your room, & there were people who patrolled the hallways like

guards. So I picked myself up, went to the door, & had to sort of sneak down the hallway in the shadows to keep from being seen. I thought, "Where am I going to find some food?" They locked up the refrigerators in the kitchen, there was no way I could even get in there, & even if I did, the food was no bonus—we always found dead mice & rats in the big walk-in freezer!



I thought perhaps one of the other new boys might have some cookies from their parents which they were hiding, & they might give me some, or they might have had some money & bought something. So I would quietly glide up to the rooms where I knew I had friends in & I'd knock

lightly on the door—hoping that a new boy would wake up and answer & not an old boy! I'd say, "This is Gary, Big Art is on my case & he wants some food & he's going to beat me up unless you can help me, do you have anything?" And my friend would answer, "No, sorry, there's nothing in here. Try so-&-so's room." So I'd go to so-&-so's room & ask. At one door, a voice responded, "Okay, come on in." But I found out it was an old boy that heard me & said "Come in!" So I ended up getting punched in the dark, because he was upset that I woke him up! About ten minutes later, I was thrown out in the hallway again & I was so tired & frustrated. I figured I'd just go back to my room. So I checked my room again & Russ told me that Big Art had passed out, so that meant I could come back to bed. I lived under constant fear & threat of brutality.

One time I remember my mother sent me some oatmeal cookies, & I just cherished those! I received them at the post office & I didn't even bring them back to my room. There was a big grain elevator (warehouse for storing grain) nearby & I took my package right from the post office to this grain elevator & I hid it underneath it. Of course,

where there are grain elevators there are rats, but I didn't care, I felt I'd sooner face the rats there than the "rats" back in my school! So I kept my cookies there in the rafters of the elevator. I considered eating them all at once, but I rationed them.—Every time I got real discouraged & depressed, I would go out & have one cookie or half of a cookie just to kind of encourage me into not giving up & falling apart. It was just like a little shiner prize I could give myself to help me kind of cope with life.

To show you the kind of people who were in this place: I thought I was really tough when I went there, but I was nothing compared to the hardened criminals that I encountered.—Like one boy named Buff from Hawaii—he was an absolute maniac! He had tried to kill people! The first time I noticed Buff was when we were going to have a special meal. The cook who ran the kitchen was a little bald Polish man named Pete, who was always so dirty! He would wear a white tee-shirt which was covered with layers of grease, & he never seemed to change it!

This one day it was announced we were supposed to have a special meal, it was going to be meatloaf. It was some Catholic holiday, I think. So we went to the dining room & we were all expecting something special, but Pete hadn't made it right & the meat was still bloody! It was not only just raw, but the blood was oozing out! We weren't going to complain though, because it was better than fried baloney.

However, Buff went up to Pete, in front of all 300 boys in this big room where we ate, & he said, "Pete, Pete, come out here, we want to thank you for this beautiful meal. Come here, Pete." And Buff put his hands in the meat & started shoving it in Pete's face trying to cram it down his throat! He yelled, "You made us eat this crap!" Buff was just shoving it in Pete's face & there was blood & raw meat everywhere! Pete started screaming & all the teachers came in & pulled Buff off, & it was a big scene! Buff acted out the frustration we all felt but kept suppressed. But Buff couldn't be kept down because he was probably possessed of the Devil! He was extremely violent, a maniac!

Here's another example of Buff's behaviour: I don't know if you've ever seen old Chrysler cars, but their rear tail fins came to a big point. One time Buff was

walking along with two guys & he got in an argument with one of them over something. So Buff took him & smashed his face right into the point of a nearby Chrysler car, & he was continuing to smash it & smash it! There were three or four guys trying to pull him off, but Buff had supernatural strength because he was full of the Devil. This other poor guy was just almost blinded & blood was everywhere & it was terrible! This kind of thing happened! It was like we were living with demon-possessed maniacs! Some of the boys were just poor frightened kids, like myself, terrorised by maniacs!

I'd just get so frustrated! One time it was Wintertime & I made a snowball & threw it at an old boy from across the street. I just happened to knock the old boy's cigarette right out of his mouth, embarrassing him in front of others. He turned around & saw me & I just took off running! I thought, "My God, what did I do now!" I hid out & stayed in my schoolroom after school, & I tried for about a day or two not to go anywhere alone where there would be old boys. I also tried to sneak into my room right as they were closing the door, hoping that he wouldn't have time to get me. But he caught me, finally, & two or three of the old boys grabbed me & pushed me around. Then they took me to their room & "caned" me. They made me pull my pants & underwear down, bare bottom, & I had to bend over & put my hands on my ankles while they caned me or beat me with a broom handle. It sent me flying forward every time they hit me, & hurt so much! They could have injured me seriously, they could have broken my back, not to speak of rupturing me, because they weren't hitting in the same place each time. Finally they beat me so much I passed out, I just fainted from the pain. After that I literally couldn't even sit down for a week. I had to go to school & I couldn't sit in my seat, so I had to ask the teacher if I could stand during classes. That was the terror that you live under in a place like that.

There was another guy we called Colorado. His father was a nuclear scientist in a big underground defense center, & Colorado was really into chemistry. So he made friends with the chemistry teacher so that he could work in the chemistry lab after school. (The more time you were in a situation where you weren't around old boys, the less chance there was of you getting beat up

& pushed around.) Anyway, Colorado was so frustrated he made a bomb & blew the whole wall off the chemistry lab! It could have killed us! In other words, he hated the place, & we all hated the place!

Through all of this, though, I'd say one good thing it did for me was break my cocky spirit. I was proud & very sure of myself, & previously defied my adult teachers, authorities & the police. So this experience broke my spirit. It didn't make me any better, but when you're broken, the Lord has a chance to start working on you, & at least it accomplished that, TTL!

There weren't any extracurricular activities, like girls, let alone useful or educational activities, so all you could do was get into sports, & push yourself, just to try to use up your energy. Teens have a lot of energy, right? In sports, they drove us to be the best team, & this Reform School produced teams that won championships in football, hockey, & all the rough contact sports. In hockey they would skate us so hard, that when the practice was over, we collapsed on the ice & some boys were throwing up from being pushed so hard. There was no human touch, there was no love or concern, it was just push & drive & it sure brought out the meanness in us! We were even taught how to hurt our opponents. When we played hockey we didn't just learn how to score a goal, we learned how to break other people's ribs & things like that.

It was all so hard & animalistic that some teens became like animals, probably demon-possessed. I remember one example that is etched in my mind forever & it's hard to forget as much as I've tried to. There were two boys who got in a fight outside my room. I think they were new boys who were mad at each other, so pent up after months & months of living like this, & they got in a fight. They kicked each other in the face, & hit & punched & wrestled. Everybody just backed off & formed a circle around them. In other words, you didn't stop fights, it was like a sport, you watched it. There were no teachers around—they hardly even knew anything that was going on, or if they did, they didn't want to get involved.

So these boys fought & they beat & they kicked & they ended up down on the floor wrestling. It got to the point that one boy was holding the other down, & the other boy was unable to get out of it.—So he began

biting the other boy's finger—and continued to do so—until he chewed it right off! He then stood up defiantly & spit it out, while the other boy was just laying there screaming with blood running out of his finger, & that signified the fight was over! As horrible as that is, it shows you the depths that this sort of place drives you to. You just become an animal!

We constantly lived in fear of what was going to happen next. You wondered, "Am I going to get pulled out of my bed tonight & get beat up?" And on top of it all, this was a Catholic school.—It was supposed to be a religious school! But nobody ever talked about Jesus. It would have been a perfect witnessing place. I was so broken & I'm sure all the kids were, & would have eagerly responded to some love, but this Catholic school & all its priests was just a religious farce as far as that went.

I finally got out after nine months, & from this whole experience, my life had changed in one way—I was worse, & I was more bitter & I was more frustrated & I knew more about crime & how to do illegal things than I had when I went in! I'd also gotten into drugs there. So I didn't reform at all. The day I got home I borrowed my father's car, & the first night got involved in a high-speed police chase, with the police following me with sirens screaming & red lights flashing! I got drunk, & was driving like a wild man! In other words, I hadn't changed at all.

I'd gone to Reform School with longish hair, & they made me cut my hair real short, like a Marine, so I came out looking like I'd reformed, but inside I was worse than ever.

So perhaps that shows you a little bit what jail can be like. I'm sure my experiences aren't any worse than what lots of other people have gone through in jails, & what we could go through, or what the Lord could put us through to spank us if we willingly choose to leave God's Work, when we know better! Some teens might think, "Oh, it's so hard here in the Family & it's so tough & I'm under 'house arrest'. I can't go anywhere, I have no freedom, I can't do this & I can't do that". Well, let me tell you, if you want to know what house arrest is like, not going anywhere & not leaving your room & virtually being in chains, just try the System's reform schools! Then you'll be totally thankful for all the tremendous physi-

cal freedom we have, not to mention spiritually & emotionally—to be free from all those fears & worries & frustrations. So thank the Lord!

(Fam: I bet even the high schools nowadays are a lot like the Reform School you described.) Yes, because what I described was 20 years ago. The high schools might just be like that now! So if any of our Teens have a taste for the System, Lord help them! That's what we adults tasted & spewed out! Now I still didn't meet the Family for three years after that & I had to go through more Hell, but when I did meet the Family, there was no looking back, there was no way that I could consider not joining full time.

(Teen: I thought of that verse, "They that knew not their Master's Will & sinned shall be beaten with few stripes. But they that knew their Master's Will & sinned shall be beaten with many stripes."—Luke 12:47-48.) Amen! Well, we know our Master's Will, especially if you've been brought up in the Family. Grandpa's very faithful, & our parents & Shepherds have been faithful to teach us our Master's Will. We know the right way, but the Lord leaves the choice up to us as to whether we're going to follow it or not. Maybe you can learn from some of our bad experiences that it's not worth it to go the wrong way.

They also have Reform Schools for girls but they usually keep boys separate from girls, they don't let them mix. Once you reach 16 or 17, depending on where you are, then it's no longer Reform School, it's jail. Actually, it's all like jail, but at 16 you're legally able to go to jail with adults, with no doubt even worse people & increased violence & all!

The movies "Boystown" & "Miracle of the Heart" which are on the video circuit, weren't like this, were they? Their approach was to be sweet to the boys, he under-

standing. There was a mother & a father image who took care of them & it was a nice little house & they could get to know them individually.—Whereas most Reform Schools & prisons have thousands of people, & sometimes there are twice as many people in them as there are supposed to be. Therefore, not only is there no personal touch, it's a zoo! The movies on "Boystown" were very sweet & touching & showed the way it should be done. Unfortunately it's probably very rarely the case! The reality is probably closer to the testimony I shared, than what those movies portray.

They never really try to bring out the bad in movies. Especially teen movies in general don't really portray full reality. It's still a little bit glossed over, where the boy gets the girl & he's a football hero & all that. Whereas the reality is that there is a lot of loneliness & crying & suffering & agony growing up as a System teen!

(Fam: From what we've heard, the System correctional facilities for teens are so full, that they have to put some of the teens in adult prisons now! But then they can't talk or have any contact with the adults, so they have to be in solitary confinement, locked in a cell all by themselves, & they just go crazy. The teen facilities are so limited & they're having so many teen terror problems that it's a real crisis in the System now, they don't know what to do with them. TTL for the Family!) Amen! Well, would someone like to close in prayer?

(Teen: Amen, thank You Jesus for this time, Lord, of Uncle Gary sharing this testimony with us. Even though it wasn't a very uplifting or inspiring testimony, Jesus, it was the "other side" & it surely showed us where it's not at. We're sorry that he had to go through that, but it can teach lots of other Family teens how the System really is, & it really contrasts, Lord, with how good Your Family is. So please help us all to really ap-



Unless God is able to break your spirit, you can never be useful to the Lord! (MOP 150:17)

preciate our blessings in the Family & help us never to want anything of the System. Help us to see by this testimony how bad it is out there & how it's just a jungle, & it's certainly not worth living out there! In Jesus' name!)

(Fam: Jesus, if there was anything that could affect anyone adversely, we ask You to wipe our minds clean of it, take it away from our remembrance. Thank You for keeping

Gary, & delivering him into Your hands, Lord, for him being Your child, in Jesus' name. TYJ!) Amen.

Do you have a fascination for the System? Or will you choose the good & avoid the evil? "Wherefore come out from among them, & be ye separate, saith the Lord, & touch not the unclean thing; & I will receive you!" (2Cor.6:17) PTL! ILY!

Reactions from Teens to "Reform School" Testimony!

From Philip (14)

I was quite shocked to hear how bad Reform School actually is, because after seeing the movie "Miracle of the Heart", I thought that that was how all Reform Schools were. But it really made me thankful for the Family because you see the contrast of the Family to the System. It made me so thankful for a wonderful Family with loving parents & teachers & people who really care about me & bring me up in the way that I should go so I won't have to go to places like that!

That testimony also really put the fear of the Lord in me to want to stay on the right track & not go back on the Lord, because if the Lord allows things like that to happen to unsaved worldly people for their sins, it makes me realise how much more the Lord would do to somebody who knows the Lord but goes back on Him! It also gave me a burden to witness to people who get put into Reform Schools.

I really saw that the System is Hell & that people have nothing to live for out there, & the System teens know that, so they start being criminals & radicals & then they end up in a place like that & turn out worse than ever! So if anything, I just appreciate the Family even more & I'm so thankful to be a part of it! TYJ!

From Shelly (12)

This testimony really showed me why people in the Family have forsaken everything they had in the World to come & follow Jesus, & how when the Family came along they just grabbed it! I knew that the System was bad, but I never really knew it was that bad! I think it would be really helpful for other Family teens to know that the System is really Hell & to

make them never want to go there!

Personally I have a problem with murmuring, but it seems so foolish to murmur now seeing what I have & what other people don't have. Other people have gone through so much more than I have & that's why they're so thankful for the Family! It really gives me a burden for souls & people lost in the System.—Nobody's ever smiling or happy, & even if they pretend to be, you can still see in their eyes that they're not happy, they're lonely & they're really sad.

I think most of all, this talk really made me thankful for what I have & for all my blessings. Comparing our life to a normal System life where they're supposedly happy, what we have is tons better because we have Jesus & our Family loves us & we don't have to live alone. But then comparing, for example, Uncle Gary's testimony of going to Reform School, compared with what we have, it's almost incomprehensible because we have so much more! It made me never ever want to go into the System!

From Rosie (15)

Uncle Gary's testimony was real heavy for me, it shook me up to the reality of how bad the System can really get. I never imagined it to be like that! Sometimes, even though I really love the Lord, the Word & the Family, I get tempted with thoughts of the System, wondering what it's really like. People say that it's "Hell" out there in the System, but to me the word "Hell" means a lake of fire which, of course, is bad but you don't physically see that when you look outside. This testimony made it clear to me what that kind of "Hell" really means, & it especially made me thankful for each & every blessing that I have in this wonderful Family & for all our brothers & sisters who are so sacrificial & loving! Lord help me

never to complain about having to get up in the morning, being tired, or anything else! We have so much compared to the poor System people!

This article was quite heavy, almost too much for me, especially the violence. Sometimes negative pictures came into my mind while reading it, & I had to think positive thoughts & have prayer. I read this testimony with an adult, which was a real help for me. It took a few days for me to get over the shocking effects of the testimony, as it is not often that we hear testimonies like this, but the Lord really used it to teach me a lot, especially about being thankful as I have a tendency to murmur sometimes.

I think this article will be good for the Family teens. If the other HOPE Mags can't "love us into Heaven", at least these will "scare us out of Hell", out of the Hell of the System! PTL! I love you & am thankful I got the opportunity to read this article. GBY!

(Good idea, Rosie! Teens, why not ask an adult to read & discuss it with you? It's much more fun that way anyhow—doing things "side-by-side".—Maria.)



From Amy (16-1/2)

Uncle Gary's testimony was very revealing & shocking! It was very graphic, which I think is good! It helped me see how much we have in the Family that System people don't have, & it made me really thankful & appreciative of the Family. Sometimes because I live in my little bubble of Family life in a Heavenly Home with love, happiness & all that anyone could possibly wish for, I don't even think about the System. I feel so fulfilled in my work for the Lord that I forget that the System is all around us.

My main reaction to this testimony is that it really showed me where the System's at & how good we have it in the Family. It made me want to never leave the Family! Being brought up all our lives in the Family with love & a happy Home & understanding parents & Shepherds & all our many blessings, sometimes we teens just don't realise that the System doesn't have all these blessings & they aren't living in Love. We don't usually think about the System's horrors & troubles, we simply think about the way the movies portray the System, which is a dis-

torted picture.

From all I've read in the Letters & heard in testimonies, I'm thoroughly convinced that we are it, & the System is a Hell-hole! This testimony confirmed & settled that fact in my heart stronger & in a more graphic way.

When I finished reading the testimony I was shocked to realise that the System was even worse than I had thought, & I had some fearful thoughts that something terrible like that might happen to me! But the verse, "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the World" helped to dispel those lies. (1Jn 4:4) I know that if I'm doing the Lord's Work & I'm in His Will & not being disobedient or running outside of the tower of His protection, He's not going to let anything like that happen to me.

I think these gory System horror stories will help a lot of teens stay out of the System. In fact, I hope these testimonies will not only help us teens to stay in the Family, but that they'll also make us more sold out—so we're not just here because we don't want to live in the terrible System, but because we have a real burden & heart for the sheep & we want to do everything we can to help rescue them!

I remember one of the main things that woke me up to the horrors of the System, & got me away from how it's pictured in the movies, was when Dicon visited his father Jeremy at the HC School. To see this once-"famous" Family teen after his years of working in the System as a backslidden prodigal was shocking!—He now works two jobs a day just to survive—one of which is washing dishes in a restaurant! Just to see Dicon—skinny & pale, & with bruises & marks from having gotten beat up—convinced me! Then to hear what his life in the System is like, well it's hard to explain how it affected me, but it really woke me up!

In closing, I think these testimonies will help our teens stay in the Family not only for fear of what might happen to them if they leave, but because their vision will be renewed to do every job wholeheartedly in order to help rescue & bring to the Lord all the poor lost souls that are stuck in the System. This testimony really helped to do this in my life & I'm really thankful! ILY!



Ordinary Days!

By Ann Kiemel (From her book, "I'm Out to Change My World")

Something beautiful
 Something good
 All my confusion. He understood
 All I had to offer Him.
 Was brokenness of heart
 But He touched & healed me with the Love
 I now impart.

Sometimes people say,
 "Ann, I want to speak like you.
 I want to do like you.
 I want to be a missionary.
 What do I do to be like you?"
 And I look back over my life
 And I remember being that little girl
 With my father on long walks
 And him saying to me,
 "Remember just this... It pays.
 It pays to serve Jesus."

I grew up on a foreign field
 And don't tell me what prejudice is. I know.
 I was one light face in the middle
 Of several thousand dark faces on my campus.
 I cannot remember one night in my early teen years
 That I did not cry myself to sleep
 And wonder why my face couldn't be dark too.
 I wondered why friends laughed behind my
 Back because I was a foreigner.
 And all through my growing years. I kept
 saying,

"Daddy, why does it pay to serve Jesus?"
 And my father would say,
 "Hang in there. It pays."
 And so many mornings I'd say,
 "Mom, I don't want to go to school today."
 And she'd push me out the door
 With my brother & sister & say,
 "Don't you kids know

That life is made up of ordinary days
 When there's no one to pat you on the back?
 When there's no one to praise you?
 When there's no one to honour you?
 When there's no one to see how brave & noble
 you are?

Almost all of life is made up of ordinary days
 And it's how you live your ordinary days
 That determines whether or not you have big
 moments.

Get out there and make something of your
 ordinary days."

And I'd stumble out the door in tears.

And I still remember the last day in my large
 High School.

My sister and I were on the
 Platform to receive little awards but a lot of kids
 could make A's.

And we were getting scholarships

But so were others.
 And when they would make the announcements,
 The students would give slight applause and
 they would go on.
 And then the principal called Jan and me.
 He said, "We're Hindus and Buddhists,
 But these two girls came and brought their God
 to our campus.
 They've changed our world."
 And I can remember the applause
 And that it never seemed to end.

I was speechless.
 I can remember the tears dripping off my chin.
 Inside I was whispering, "Daddy you were right.
 Through the thousands of ordinary days when
 I wanted to give up, it paid, it pays to be true.
 It pays to follow Jesus."
 But when I was a young teen, it came to me,
 "Ann, either you are going to
 Follow Jesus Christ to the end
 Or not follow Him at all."
 After all, I was an honour student.
 I was becoming somebody on campus.
 I had big dreams.
 I had high hopes.
 Follow Jesus to the end?
 What if I never had a dream come true?
 What if nothing special ever happened?
 Nothing I ever loved ever came my way?
 Would I follow Jesus to the end,
 If everything I loved was taken away?
 Would I make that kind of decision to follow?
 And I went to the mission field for You
 And faced good days and ordinary days.

For you it might have been an easy decision.
 For me it was six long months—
 Difficult months—of struggle.
 "Jesus, how can I?"

"Til I remember kneeling by the couch
 in the livingroom
 And piling into my hands all that I loved
 And knowing what it meant for the first time,
 "Yes, Lord, from now to the end I
 Will follow You.
 Yes, Lord to anything, anytime, anywhere.
 Yes, Lord—if You'll go with me."

That was really the turning point in my life.
 I chose on my own to follow Jesus to the end.
 I don't know what it will mean to
 Follow to the end.
 I have a feeling it's a long road,
 And there are a lot of mountains.
 But I love nothing better than adventure,
 And I'm ready to climb.

(Teens, this should show you that witnessing can be done in whatever state you find yourself. We hope you aren't forced to attend System School, but if you are, the Lord can still help you to make it.—Meanwhile thank God you're not.—But pray for those who are prisoners of the anti-Christ School System.—Love, Maria.)



Teens Share Hearts!

Teen Stands Up for the Truth!

From Eva Servant, India Area

Recently we teens have been reading through "The Answers of the COG" Booklet. It's been really inspiring to study this as it's given me more conviction to go on the attack when asked questions about some of our more revolutionary beliefs. It helps me to see how we have nothing to hide but should be able to answer with real conviction that we have the Truth. TYL!

While we were going through this study, one morning we went out tapcenssing & witnessing & we met a lot of sweet people & at the last house this young Christian man invited us in. He asked us if we were "MWM" to which we replied that we were & then he questioned us about some of our more sexy pictures in the Posters.

Now before if someone would have asked me this, I would have gotten put on the defensive & probably just let the adult answer him. But after reading this Booklet, I thought, "Wow, this is my chance to use what I've been taught!" So we told him how these pictures portray God's Creation in a beautiful way & there's nothing wrong with them. Then we asked him, "But why pick on us about something so tiny when we're giving our life to Jesus & saving thousands of souls. What are you doing for Jesus? You can't serve two Masters!" We gave him the example of Jesus & how people called Him a drunkard & all sorts of bad names because He told them the Truth & preached Love.

Then he stopped arguing & really started listening, & when we finished witnessing, he said, "I'll take one of your Posters" (before he had refused to see them) & gave us a donation & said, "You're doing the right thing!" PTL! So that was a real victory out of seeming defeat! It really inspired me how it pays to stand up for the Truth. PTL!



Lessons in Forsaking All!
—From a Former Catacomber!

From Simon, India Area

I met the Family four years ago at the age of 14. Joining fulltime sounded great to me,

but of course I couldn't, the age limit for joining fulltime being 18. So the Lord used me as a Catacomber in school for four years & thousands of students got saved! TYL! Then, when I turned 18 this year, my Shepherd asked me whether I wanted to join fulltime, or go back to college as a Catacomber. I opted for the latter, because I felt that was my calling. Then the Lord did the thing I least expected—college went on strike! So I got the freedom to attend the LTC (Leadership Training Center) which was super convicting & life-changing!

Then suddenly during the middle of the course, college re-opened! My spirit was ripped apart between the Kingdom of God & the Dominion of the Devil! I put on a brave front but the one thing the LTC had clearly shown me was that I was weak & totally incapable of leading the Catacomb movement in college, which I thought would be "kid's stuff" for a seasoned fighter like me! LFM!

My Shepherd then asked me again if I'd like to move into a Home fulltime, & the truth in my heart came tumbling out. I resisted joining fulltime because I had been a Catacomber so long, & everyone really admired me for "schücking" & "doing so good". Moving in would mean being a nobody with none of my former glorification, which was something unthinkable for a "limelighter" like me. I was living a lie, trying to fool myself, the Family & the Lord, that I would serve to exist in college, rather than live to listen in the Family. I was hiding behind the false pretense of wanting to reach college students, whereas the awful truth was that I didn't want to forsake my independence & yield totally to the Lord.

The Word smashed my defenses & PTL, He gave me a new life! Now I know what Dad meant by saying, "You will never know the fullness of the joy of serving God to the utmost until you have forsaken all to follow Jesus Christ!"

